

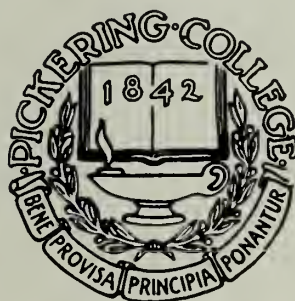
the voyageur



1951-52

the voyageur

VOLUME XXV



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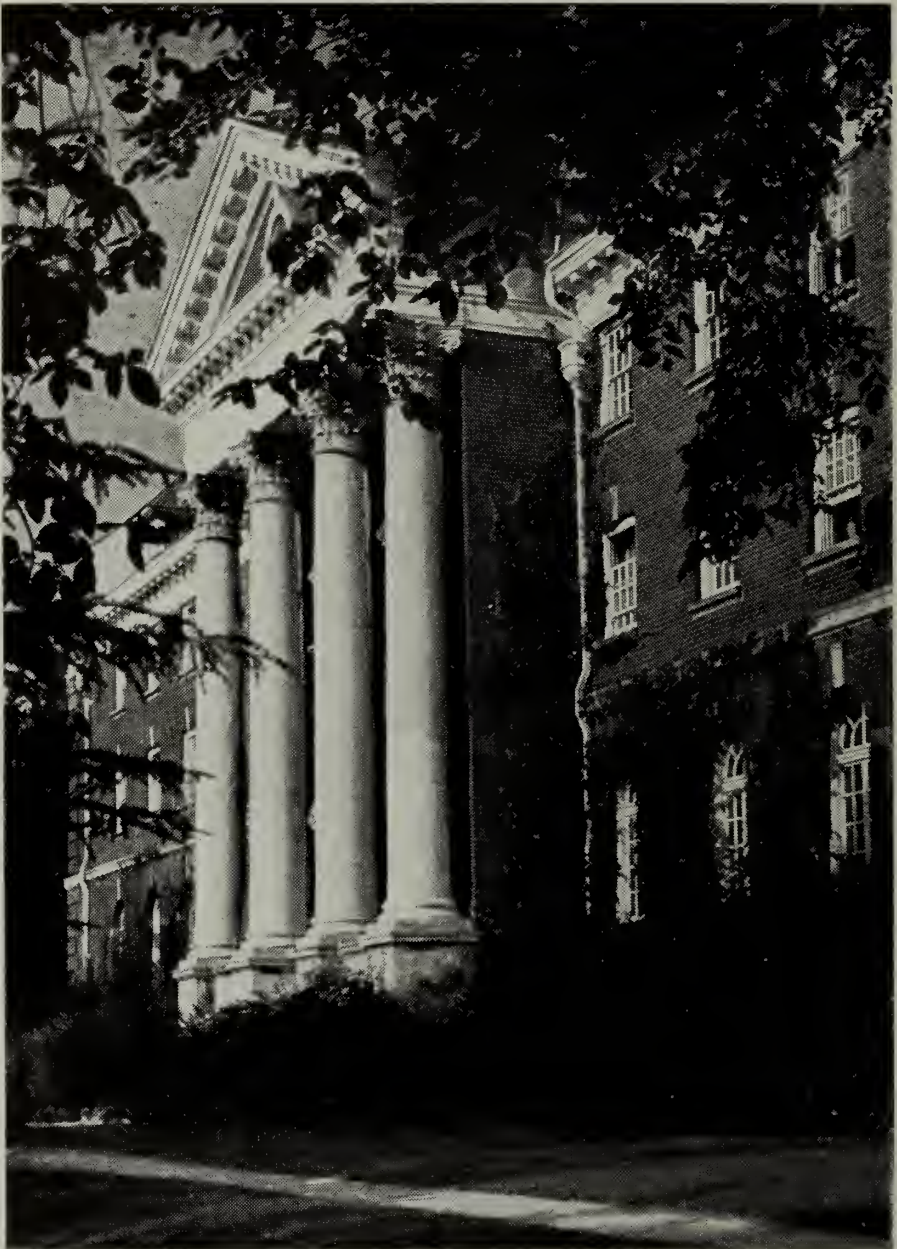
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*To Pickering College which, for twenty-five years, has successfully given to
its many students a foundation of learning, an appreciation of the
good life and a desire to achieve the high ideal
this volume is most proudly dedicated.*

Pickering College

25th Anniversary Edition

of

Voyageur

ONE OF THE THINGS that has impressed me most about my years at Pickering is that I have never really been away from the place. I suppose that sounds rather far-fetched when one considers I have been gone for three years. Well, of course I have been gone from everything of Pickering that meets the eye. But, to me and to lots of others, those old bricks and the North and South Fields and the Gym aren't all there is of Pickering. To us she is a living thing — someone we know very well and want to keep on knowing. For Pickering is the sound of many voices, and the footsteps of many people, the stillness of many hours. She has a long ancestry. She is Jew, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Canadian, English, American, German, Spanish and Indian. That is why Pickering is a live thing; for the people are Pickering.

—From an Old Boy's Letter



R. E. K. Rourke, M. A. (Harvard)

—Ashley and Crippen

Six

the headmaster's message

NOT LONG AGO I was given a copy of an essay from which General MacArthur derived great strength. This essay is titled *How to Stay Young*. I believe that all of us can get help from it. Let me quote the essay, in part.

"Youth is not a time of life . . . it is a state of mind; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

So long as your heart receives messages of beauty, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from man and from the infinite, so long you are young.

When the wires are all down and the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then, you are grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul."

I could wish for the graduates of Pickering College no finer future than one that is controlled by a youthful state of mind. As you go forth to find your places, may your faith and your ideals glow brightly to light your path.

Robert E. K. Rourke.

an editorial

MOST OF THE STUDENTS who graduate from Pickering College will never know anything about life. Materially, they will probably all be considered successful and they will beget children who will follow in their footsteps. But spiritually they will taste and know an emptiness in life. "Why," you might ask, "will this be?" I can see but one answer—because the students concerned will have security. There will always be something or someone to provide for them.

They will never know true life because they will never know dirt — the kind of dirt that you eat, and smell, and touch, and never seem to leave. Dirt with squalor breeds strong emotions and sensitivity. Without knowing filth, how can a man know purity.

They will never know life because they will never know sweat—the kind of sweat that comes from the hard work in the dirty places where the material returns are little enough for the toil spent. They will never know the frustration that comes from useless struggle to rise above squalor and sweat. But if they do not know sweat and frustration, how can they speak of "living".

They cannot know life because they will not know poverty—the hand-to-mouth, day-to-day poverty that breeds terror, despair, hatred, love, and age. And because they will never know these things, they will never know real ambition, that drive towards heaven which must reap a real reward. Someone once said that the poor are with us always, and they are a constant example of people living to the utmost of their capacities.

Emancipate yourself, then, oh you graduates. Throw off the shackles that tie you to the material success and the humdrum in life. Search out the spiritual life that makes you successful as a man instead of an automaton.

You talk of going to universities, to places of higher learning, but what good can they give you, if you have not learned the basic knowledge of life. It is like polishing tin, when you could be polishing gold, to seek after higher knowledge without the foundation in life to appreciate it. If I could give a formula for happiness in life I would say, "Seek out poverty, live poverty, and be alive!" If you do not know poverty, how can you appreciate security?

school committee

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE this year again demonstrated the effectiveness of a school government. Student activities, business and relations were well handled by the competent group, nominated and elected by the student body.

There appeared to be some doubt in the minds of many students, as to the



SCHOOL COMMITTEE 1951-52

actual accomplishments of the committee, but now that it is a fait accompli, these accomplishments speak for themselves. The introduction of a new method of collecting student fees, which is a major step in furthering activities also eliminates much bookwork and discomfort for the students. The management of dances was more efficiently done this year than in many past years. Very many gifts were sent to staff, domestic staff and people who were ill. These, along with very many supposedly trivial matters were taken in hand and managed by the committee. In all, the committee this year showed sound judgment in school affairs.

But let this article not be devoted only to praise. Mistakes were made, they always have been and always will be made. The mistakes of the committee were made by the members individually and not as a group. These were remedied in due time and again a situation was taken well into hand.

I believe that during the time I have been on the committee, I have benefited by the experience of being an active member in solving school problems. The many different complications involved and the situations encountered have broadened my view regarding school government. I should like to say also that it has been a pleasure and a privilege to work with the members of the committee in school life as well as in committee meetings. I think I speak for the whole school when I say to Bill Maguire, Bill Purves-Smith, John Luck, John Allen, Barry Moffatt, Bo Barter, Burt Kellock, Don MacMillan and Carl Odney . . . thanks for a good job!

the graduating class

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

IN A COMMUNITY SUCH AS OURS a concentration of responsibility devolves upon our senior group. From it comes forth the leadership so necessary in the life of the student body, in the extra-curricular activities such as the Dramatic Club and the Glee Club, in the evening clubs, in athletics, in school government.

To the members of this year's graduating class we should like to say thank you. You have served faithfully in a variety of capacities. Since you know Pickering well, you already know you will always be welcome to come back and visit us. Good-bye and best of luck!

BO BARTER—With us two years from Ottawa . . . member of the School Committee, one term . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . end man in the Glee Club . . . Second Colour, senior football and hockey, also basketball, lacrosse, baseball . . . member of the Blue Team . . . managed Moffatt . . . plans to study forestry at the University of New Brunswick.

KEN BRANDIE—A six-year man from Toronto . . . Dramatic Club lead . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . Camera Club . . . Quaker Cracker, associate editor . . . The Voyageur . . . Dance Committee . . . Senior football, track and field, tennis . . . Sports' day captain of the Silver team . . . managed Maguire . . . next year Normal School, eventually the business world.

DENNY BURTON—Lethbridge scholarship holder for two years . . . School Committee all year, first term secretary, two terms chairman . . . Dramatic Club, stage sets for Devil's Disciple . . . lead in Glee Club . . . Polikon Club, first term clerk . . . The Voyageur, associate editor . . . Quaker Cracker, editor . . . Dance Committees, decorator and idea-man . . . Widdrington award winner . . . Second colour, second team football and hockey . . . Blue team . . . designer of signs, public and private . . . first P.C. comic strip . . . ruled Race . . . next year, Ontario College of Art and thereafter a commercial artist.

CLARK FORSTER—At Pickering one year from Toronto . . . member of the Glee Club . . . Princeps Club . . . Camera Club . . . Senior Soccer, Basketball Orfuns, tennis . . . Red intramural team . . . Tavera's translator . . . next year university or business . . . eventual role: financial tycoon.

PILY FRATTINI—Our representative from Central America, hailing from Honduras . . . one year at Pickering . . . member of the Polikon Club . . . Third Colour, basketball Orfuns, lacrosse, baseball . . . member of the Red intramural team . . . usher par excellence . . . cajoled Kellock . . . plans to go to university.

BURT KELLOCK—From Canada's capital, at Pickering two years . . . School Committee, during first term . . . Dramatic Club last year, Glee Club both years . . . Polikon Club, Clerk of the House . . . First Colour, last year . . . Senior football, senior basketball, track and field record holder, lacrosse, tennis . . . Red team sports' day captain . . . fought Frattini . . . going on to McMaster, law and the bench.

JOHN LUCK—From England via Exeter, Ontario, two years at Pickering . . . School Committee all year, treasurer and fire chief . . . Dramatic Club lead . . . Glee Club end man . . . Thirty Club, treasurer . . . chairman of Dance Committee . . . played soccer and member of the Blue team . . . interior decorator for Wigston . . . first love, the sea . . . next year, a struggle between education and the navy . . . in the future, a captaincy in the Merchant Navy.

BILL MAGUIRE—Five years at Pickering, from Toronto—Winner of the Garratt Cane and Widdrington Award . . . School Committee, chairman, during first term, fire chief one term, dress committee . . . Dramatic Club lead . . . Glee club lead . . . Thirty Club . . . First colour holder, captain senior football, captain senior hockey, track and field (record holder), lacrosse, baseball (Maguire's Mashers) . . . year captain of the Blue team . . . bullied Brandie . . . a fighter for Pickering . . . plans to go on to university.

BARRY MOFFATT—Two year man from Ottawa . . . School Committee all year, "Rudy" man . . . Polikon Club, Speaker of the House, one term . . . Camera Club . . . First Colour holder, senior football, second basketball and hockey, lacrosse, track (Miler Moffatt) . . . Year captain of the Silver team . . . brow-beat Barter . . . going on to engineering at Queen's . . . after graduation watch Canada's highways improve.

BILL PURVES-SMITH—With us two years, from New Westminster, B.C. . . . Widdrington Award Winner . . . School Committee all year, dress committee . . . decorator, both dances . . . Dramatic Club, lead last year, character role this year . . . Glee Club . . . Thirty Club, secretary one term . . . Editor of the Voyageur and Quaker Cracker . . . Second Colour, junior "A" football, senior basketball (rules' expert), tennis . . . Sports' Day captain of the Blue team . . . odd man for Odney . . . next year, agriculture at U.B.C. . . . in due course, minister of agriculture, Ottawa.

"PETE" WIGSTON—Our representative of northern Ontario, from North Bay, at Pickering two years . . . Dramatic Club, lead in Oxbow Incident and Devil's Disciple . . . Thirty Club, one term president, one term secretary, Quaker Cracker . . . soccer, baseball, lacrosse . . . suffered Luck's logie . . . a political reactionary . . . plans to join the Royal Canadian Air Force.

ARCHIE WILLIAMSON—Five-year man from St. Hilaire, Quebec . . . Dramatic Club . . . Glee Club . . . Root of Minus One Club . . . Rousseau French prize, 1951 . . . Quaker Cracker . . . dance committee . . . third colour,

senior football, senior basketball, track and field, lacrosse, softball, tennis . . . member of the Silver team . . . fixed Fraser's fractured French . . . next year, work or Queen's . . . eventually, research scientist.

H.M.B.

THE ROUSSEAU FRENCH PRIZES

WE ARE PLEASED to announce that the Rousseau French Prize of the value of fifty dollars has been this year divided among three students, Douglas Thomson, Robert Melville, and James MacLean. This award is given annually by Mr. Real Rousseau, of Montreal, to the students who have shown the greatest interest and ability in the study of French.

We should like to express our appreciation to Mr. Rousseau and our congratulations to the winners.

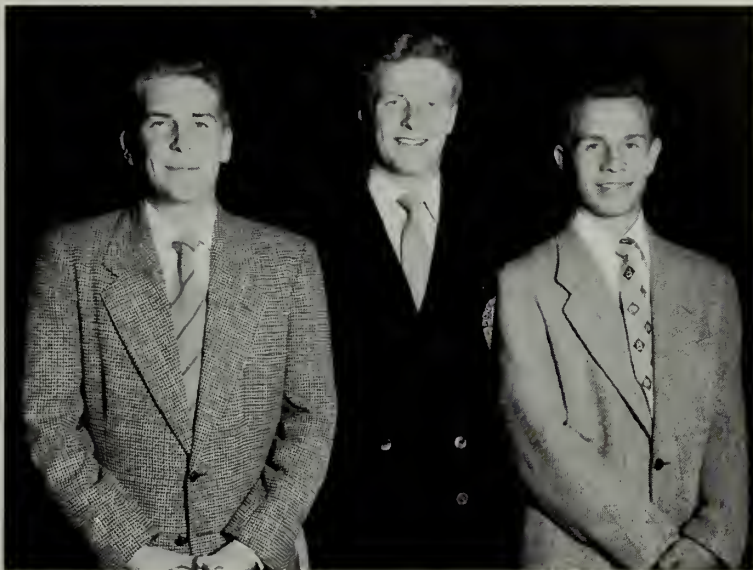
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS



Edward Lowry

THE SCHOOL would like to extend hearty congratulations to OLD BOYS Edward Lowry and George McCowan. Ed. won an Edward Blake Scholarship in Maths & Physics at the University of Toronto. George won the Governor-General's Gold Medal for English and the Victoria University Silver Medal for Philosophy.

school awards



Dennis Burton, William Maguire, William Purves-Smith

THE SCHOOL EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS to those students who have been recognized for their outstanding contributions to this year's student body and to Pickering College.

WILLIAM MAGUIRE—The Garratt Cane, given by a vote of the graduating class to that student who most closely approximates the Pickering ideal.

DENNIS BURTON, WILLIAM MAGUIRE, WILLIAM PURVES-SMITH
—The Widdrington Award, for community service.

BROOK SOWDEN—The Rogers Cane, awarded to the student in Firth House who best serves, in deed and spirit, his fellow students and Pickering College.

chapel 1951-1952

WHAT PURPOSE DOES OUR CHAPEL fill in the lives of Pickering students? Certainly it does not serve as a substitute for morning worship in one of the neighbourhood churches. No, our chapel services are meditative meetings which aim to stimulate thoughts — thoughts that are such an integral part of the present and future in the life of youth.

Pickering chapel services always begin with silent meditation — an idea borrowed from the Quaker founders of the school. These meetings offer us the opportunity to exercise our minds, and to open up visions of a world-wide brotherhood which we can see in embryo in our own small community. In our efforts to “get along” together here we find the same basic problems as we shall find in the world at large. We have been given inspiring addresses on brotherhood, Sociology of Religion, world problems and the immediate problems of youth, by guest speakers, staff and student committee. This year we had the pleasure of hearing again Rabbi Feinberg of Holy Blossom Temple, Rev. Richard Jones, the Secretary of the United Council of Christians and Jews, Don Graham of Forest Hill Collegiate, George Gray of the Department of Education, Alex Sim, an old boy, Hy Mosey, an old staff member, Rev. McCleary and Dr. Carl Bernhart.



Mr. Hagan's Christmas Chapel Set

THE PIONEER SPIRIT

OUTDOOR EDUCATION has been a part of the programme at Pickering since its founding in 1842. The first students spent part of their time doing significant work on the farm at West Lake, the school's original site.

After the school was moved to Newmarket, Mr. A. S. Rogers insisted that a farm be added to the school property and that the farm be available to the students. Since 1927 this has been so. Under the direction of Mr. R. H. Perry grades 9 and 10 spent the afternoons of the spring term developing outdoor projects which ranged in variety from a golf course to a calf club. Many generations of students return to the school now to see the evidence of their efforts in the tree groves, the flower beds, the lily pond and the walks and paths about the grounds.

In 1933 the school embarked on a recreational education experiment by taking the whole school into the Muskoka bush in winter for skiing. For several years, when skiing was just beginning to be the popular outdoor winter activity which it is now, students learned to ski, learned to like the winter, found the exhilaration of roaming through the bush on snow.

With the establishment of the elementary department in 1940 the school launched another experiment in outdoor education for the boys of the Prep. On the school farm a pioneer village, Myerstown, was built by the students who planned the project in the classroom and carried it out during the afternoons of the spring term. This was a complete and involved undertaking as the students planned and designed the structures, obtained by barter some of the materials and purchased others, organized a government along "town meeting" lines and took several years to complete the plan.

The conservation of the resources of our country has become a matter of concern to the public generally and to educators in particular. In other countries a good deal of the conservation education is carried on in the elementary and secondary schools through school camping projects. A whole classroom is moved to a campsite sometime during the school year for a period ranging from a week to a month. The students are at school there under the supervision of their classroom teacher. The classes are held out of doors for the most part and the curriculum is chiefly natural science with the emphasis placed on conservation.

Pickering undertook to experiment with this form of outdoor education in 1950. The feasibility of taking a class to the bush for a week has been proven. A number of state schools — elementary and junior high schools — have taken up the idea successfully. Through the excellent cooperation of the Department of Lands and Forests very able instructors provide the specialized leadership needed to make the projects worthwhile learning experiences for the

students. The Department of Education gave the first experiments their blessing. Because of the Pickering experiments they have since established training courses in conservation teaching for elementary school teachers.

REPORT

—*Denny Burton*

And yet, when looking back
In retrospect, I see in all the things
I
Did,
Only part of what is free.
And freedom counts but as a memory
For I have done so little.

Above the skies so azure—
The love of life and spirit
Bound here upon green hills
Within each petal, a shaft of concrete
Holding dear each thin tiny thrill
Of rain on rocks and call of bird so wanton.

And the spheres resound with notes
Unheard before, behind the bell
Chiming with never fear of time.
For there in that brown cup
Hangs, what I know as
God's measure.

Calling from the slates
Upon broken shells of dust, I see
the formula:
Wherein all is given to Him,
And I see all the things I did,
And I have done so little.

memoriam

DAVID CLAXTON, while fishing with friends along a swift Labrador river, died by drowning on the fourteenth of June.

David was two years embarked on a career in medicine — a career chosen through the knowledge that he could help people, and chosen that he might best be prepared.

He was twenty-two. The son of the Honourable Brooke Claxton, he was at Pickering College from the fall of 1946 until June, 1949. Even those who barely knew David remember well the understanding and concern for others that marked him among his fellows.

Those of us who lived on the corridors with him; worked with him and struggled with and against him on the playing field, are strangers to death because we are young, and to us it is unreal.

To conceive of a friend having gone from us; not returning at some time, nor living elsewhere still, is beyond our thought.

And in this we may come closer to reality than in a colder concept of the grave.



If there is truth in the poet's thought,

“I am a part of all
that I have met,”

then there is truth that David remains among us. For this quiet, and reserved young man left with all whom he met, and where he went, not only the memory of himself but a measure of his kind and temperate person.

LEFT:

David Claxton

One May afternoon in 1949, while the school prepared for examinations, a student found himself in serious personal trouble. When he went to Dave, knowing he would find understanding and help, he discovered him busy tutoring another student whose troubles were academic.

Somehow, despite the time and energy which he poured out on others, David did his own work with determination. Ever troubled by his inadequacy to give to others what he called, "something concrete," he began his study of medicine with motives in the highest ideal of the profession.

No, David Claxton cannot go from us. There remains more than a memory. The warm, strong personality is too real a thing for death's conquest, for though he did not know, David did give of himself, "something concrete".

In Labrador, where he worked on a construction site as a medical assistant, we know he will have been more to many men there.

When he fell into the cold, rushing waters of the Guy's River, those with him risked their lives in a futile effort to save him.

The life was lost we know, but through our youthful ignorance, or be it wisdom, he remains among us.

I AM OMNIPOTENT

—*Bill Purves-Smith*

When I speak
The world shall resonate.
When I weep
The waters of the oceans
Will rise to the mountain tops,
Filled with the people's tears.

* * * *

When I laugh,
The peaks will shatter
With the thundrous echo
Of the masses' laughter

* * * *

When I die,
Then the world dies
With me
And with it
A universe of tears and hopes and fears.

literary

adrift

—ARNOLD HUNT

OUR TINY VESSEL LURCHED and wallowed menacingly as each mountainous wave overtook us. For a second or two in every ten we seemed to sit motionless on the very crest of a snow-capped peak with only the boiling foam and lashing spray to mar the illusion. Then, hesitantly, as if our little ship was unable to decide on her next move she plunged almost straight down into the trough. The gloomy darkness ahead was grotesque and uninviting.

We silently watched. The very gates of hell seemed to have opened before us. The dim phosphorescent atmosphere that prevailed on the comparative safety of the crest was far more reassuring than the cold inky blackness that now engulfed us. A queer sinking feeling in the pit of our stomachs commanded us to close our eyes and to try to forget our hazardous predicament. Then as if by magic we were over the crisis and thankfully headed skyward. Each of these seemingly endless cycles gave us the satisfaction of believing that we were that much closer to safety although actually we had only the remotest chance of survival.

We were all, with the probable exception of myself, rugged, hard-living men who normally would know no fear—but this was different. This was not an ordinary battle with the elements but a great show—a magnificent one-sided show of force, of undying strength, that raged on and on without mercy. Helplessly we looked on for there was absolutely nothing we or any human power could do. We were in the hands of fate.

We lost all count of time. Gradually the blackened storm-whipped heavens were replaced by a dull metallic gray that stretched without a break as far as the eye could see. The day was on. We were without food or water, and the tempest raged. In a vain effort to erase from our minds the ever-present spectacle of the turbulent seas, we turned to inspect the condition of our boat.

Until this moment the little cutter had been given not a moment's notice, although this hull of wood and iron stood between our life and death, and only because of her sturdy construction was there the possibility of our deliverance from the grip of these furious waters. Her seams had opened in several places, and a great deal of caulking had been dislodged by the con-

tinuous pounding. Our single suction pump was all that kept us from the green depths of the ocean. On the navigator's word that we were drifting towards a not-too-distant shore had added the much-needed fuel to our dejected minds and weary bodies.

Without warning, a welcome new sound was added to the roaring of the wind and sea—the familiar echo of breakers, thrashing themselves to foam on ragged rocks.

We were safe. We would live again. At least, some of us would now live to go to sea once more. For only the experienced know the dangers involved in landing under such conditions. But we knew that the storm had failed to kill, and the sea had delivered us again into the world of life.

HURRY

—*Peter Wigston*

What is good, what is bad,
Why are there sane, why are there mad,
Who makes the laws, who wrote the book,
Why do we wonder, why do we look?

What is love, and what is hate?
Why must man seek out a mate?
What is sorrow and what is pain?
Why the clouds, and why the rain?

A million questions are asked by me—
Why am I "man" and not a "tree"?
Who gave me life? I want to know!
I must find out before I go. . . .

the moon was blue

—TONY DREW

THE YOUNG MAN WALKED OUT of the Broadway show slowly and unsteadily as if in a trance. He walked down 43rd Street to Broadway and into the crowd. He paid no heed to the giant lights and signs, but kept his eyes peeled straight ahead, not looking at the people around him.

Slowly he made his way up to 64th Street where he turned and entered a second-class hotel. He got the key at the desk and went up to room 228.

He had been in New York a week, and to-morrow he was leaving for home—and later school. He did not want to go back to that little town, with its continuous routine day after day. The radio was on, and he switched the station to get some soft melancholy music.

His suitcases were lying on the floor, and he began to throw dirty shirts into one of the compartments; with a rough movement he stopped and went over to the window and looked out. It was raining and he could see giant buildings through the mist. The lights from Broadway looked like planets from afar — red, green, blue, all colours.

His mind began to wander, remembering the many bars and clubs he had been in. He thought of the play he had just seen. For some unknown reason he began to shiver. He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his jacket and lit one. The window was slightly open, and he sat down on the ledge. His thought started to wander again — he imagined he was the boy in the play and he had a girl whom he loved.

There was a knock on the door and instantly his thoughts were shattered. It was the elevator boy with a letter; he opened it and read it; it was not important. He wandered over to the window once again; his throat became dry; its moistness seemed to move up into his eyes, making them glisten.

His mind cleared and he remembered where he was. He felt like a small child in the midst of thousands of people. He felt lonely and cold as if nobody knew him or cared for him. The noise from the streets below seemed to verify these thoughts.

He sat there for over an hour, looking out on to the sparkling city. He wished there was a girl beside him who could understand his feelings.

Finally he got up and turned the radio off. The water was leaking through the window and splashing on the floor—he didn't close it.

bermuda

—WM. S. ALGER

IT WAS ALMOST 5:00 o'clock when we reached land. Bermuda . . . a tiny Island only 19 miles long, right in the middle of the Gulf stream, and 700 miles from New York. As we approached, one became aware of the colour of the water, Robins'-egg blue against the white coral-sand bottom. Even more prominent than this were the white roofs of every house and building on the entire island.

As we passed over Hamilton's harbour, freighters, an ocean liner, and hundreds of small sailboats at anchor flashed past; then over St. Georges the same sight prevailed. But we were still going straight out over the ocean again. Wasn't that place Bermuda? Just at this point the Steward came forward and informed us that due to heavy military air traffic we would be delayed for an hour. It seems that the U.S. Air Force likes Bermuda too.

At last on the ground, one noticed the intensity of the sun. The heat was not as great as expected because of the water which cooled the atmosphere surrounding us. The extreme humidity was one thing which stood out like a sore thumb, but by the time you left you were used to sleeping in damp sheets and donning damp clothes in the morning. It's a great place for nylon clothes which you can wash at night and put on in the morning as though they had been laundered and ironed. It just doesn't work.

After we had cleared Customs, we climbed in with our baggage and my Aunt drove us to the apartment. On the trip I was surprised at the colour of the houses. They ranged through all the colours of the rainbow. Here and there a red one, up here a green one, over there a blue one, but they all had white roofs. Another thing which caught my attention were the stone walls on both sides of the road. They averaged 3 to 4 feet in height and were broken only by gates and side roads or where some reckless driver had run into them.

In the fields and front lawns on either side of the road were Paw-paw trees, banana trees, palm trees, oleander bushes and hybiscus bushes, and many other types of Tropical vegetation. The Bermudians think nothing of being able to walk to their hedge and pick their dessert right off the tree. Deserving particular mention are the fields of Easter lilies which are grown for the markets of North America.

Every once in a while a tourist would pass on a Mobylette or a Velo-Solex. These are two types of motorized bicycles which they can rent. Even though the speed limit is 20 mph they hardly ever adhere to the law.

After we had gone along for a few miles we turned on to the South Shore road. It goes along the southern coast giving a sight-to-remember to anyone who might chance that way. All along this road one can see the big waves

breaking over the reefs 200 or so yards off shore, then the smaller waves come in and break on the beach. Through the years the sea has carried portions of the coral rocks leaving grotesque shape and forms for the photographer. For more lively pictures he can photograph the spray and foam from the breakers dashing against these rocks.

Of course we went swimming in the ocean the next morning as it was too late that night. It was funny . . . we both jumped right in taking big mouthfuls of water with the intentions of making like fountains. The intentions were short-lived. The ugly taste of the brine made us spit out the water and make wry faces at one another. I admit I thought the water was terrible at first but later I began to look forward to a dip in the salt-water.

Although Bermuda is a British colony and most of the dress is casual, there still is a very "just right" appearance to each prominent citizen and inhabitant. When you leave for work in the morning you will probably be wearing gaberdine shorts, a white shirt, and a sports jacket. It is unlawful to wear a bathing suit on the streets or main roads so everyone wears "loud" shorts.

The thing which impressed me most, next to the island itself, was the free and easy-going attitude of the people. If a thing isn't done to-day well maybe it can be done to-morrow, but what's the use of running around in a "Rat-race" and killing yourself.

Well I could go on forever describing the place, but I think I can sum it up by saying,

"Why did I ever come home?"

Why don't you go down there and then you'll see what I mean. The place grows on you, believe me!!!

a crowded bus

—Peter Green

I GROPED FOR THE RAILING. As my hand closed around it I pulled myself upward, squeezing between two people trying vainly to get on. The momentum of the crowd pushed me toward the ticket-box. I fumbled in my pocket for the ticket, dropped it in, and moved on. I reached for the overhead railing, settling myself for the dreaded ride on the crowded bus.

Directly in front of me was a placard advertising women's hosiery. The picture was of a young girl, scantily clad, pulling on a nylon stocking. Printed beneath the figure was: "For Women of Distinction, Choose Lady Beth's Hosiery".

The fat, slovenly, solemn-faced woman sitting before me turned her

head to the window. Then she quickly gathered her belongings, staggered to her feet, and walked past me to the exit door. I immediately sank into the seat with a feeling of relief, and allowed my eyes to wander across the faces of the people within my vision.

The man seated next to me was middle-aged, dapper in dress, and quite nervous. He was completely absorbed in the paper which he was reading. The rather attractive young girl opposite me probably worked in an office. She was dressed in nylons, red high-heeled shoes, and a somewhat tight-fitting dark blue suit. I had proceeded to undress her mentally when the conductor's tired belligerent voice yelled out the next stop. My thoughts were shattered: I continued my survey of the people. There were short ones, fat ones, tall ones and ugly ones. None of them impressed me except one. He sat in a pensive mood, shoulders slumped, his hand stretched across his forehead as though to shield his eyes. He looked haggard, overworked; I felt somehow that even now he was worrying about some problem in the future. He was a useless worrier.

The bus clanged to a stop. A storm of people rushed on, re-filling the gaps left by the people descending to the street. A car's horn honked, tires screeched, then cars raced by the window as the light turned green. The bus clanged a warning to a straggling car as we lurched forward.

I watched a small boy cling fearfully to his mother's coat as people brushed by him. Then I arose, straightened my coat, and proceeded to push and shove my way to the exit door. The reek of alcohol from a derelict's breath reached me as I descended the steps. The cold fresh air came as a welcome when I reached the street.

HALCYON

—*John Luck*

The sea and the sky were blended—
An island peak, in the haze, suspended;
Nature showed what she could do
—Still her most powerful forces,
Hold them abated, strangely still,
As we clove nearer through the silent deep;

Until, hours later, still becalmed,
The island, grown in splendour,
Broke forth in natural color.
Green and grey-purple of palms and shadowed heights
Rising in grandeur from the blue-flashing-orange,
And the sun set on our bow;
Pale stars, and shadows behind.

park at evening

—Don Baker

THE YEAR MY FATHER, MOTHER, and I were driving to Nova Scotia, to my mother's home in Sherbrooke, we passed through Moncton, in New Brunswick.

As we were approaching Moncton, we saw the Peticodiac River which runs through the city. The river was almost empty of water. There was a small stream of water winding its way through the crevices in the drying expanse of muck on the river bottom.

We went on to Moncton and found a pretty little park where we could eat the picnic supper that mother had prepared that morning. The setting sun added to the colour of the flowers, trees and deep green grass that made the place look like an Eden. At one side of the park was an open space looking out on the drab Peticodiac River, and in the middle of this clearing was a gaily coloured look-out hut. It was almost dark as we finished our supper. We walked around the park admiring it, and paused at the little hut. Then I heard it—a low grumbling sound in the distance that sounded like a train approaching the nearby station. The noise grew louder as the seconds ticked by. For about a minute it kept increasing. I stood transfixed as if my muscles had frozen. A million thoughts ran through my head. Was it an earthquake? or an atom-bomb blast? the world coming to an end? *what?*

Then my eyes turned in horror: far down the river-bed I could see a glowing form dancing, wriggling, coming in my direction. The noise grew and grew as it came closer; the glowing light became brighter in the half-light of dusk. It was quite close to us now. My stomach grew tight, the blood rushed to my head, and I began to feel woozy. I almost keeled over as the monster, bright with phosphorescence, came roaring past us. I did not notice myself turning to follow its path as it disappeared around a bend of the river-bed. Dad and mother were standing a few feet away from me, but I did not see them. All I could hear was the diminishing sound of the monster and a laughing from out of the darkness. Suddenly I seemed to come out of a trance, and I looked down at the once empty river-bed to find to my amazement that it was full of water. As I stared over the flowing river, I realized that I had seen the tidal bore of the Peticodiac River. The power and on-rushing force with which it had come still had me in a state of bewilderment until Dad's voice came through to me: "We should be moving on now."

activities

dramatic club

SHAW DESCRIBED HIS PLAY, "*The Devil's Disciple*", as "stuffed with everything from the ragbag of melodrama . . . with just that little bit of my own which makes all the difference." There was little of the "ragbag" quality apparent, however, in the Dramatic Club's production of this modern classic during the week of Visitors' Day, 1951. The audience sensed excitement and colour aplenty—redcoats and a courtmartial, a race to save a man's life, the reading of a will and a rattling of family skeletons in the cupboard; but with all this, there were tenderness and courage, heartsearching, and an examination of the ideas by which men live. These latter perhaps constituted the unique Shavian ingredient, and for an amateur cast to project it clearly and sensitively was no mean feat, however friendly the audience may have been.

Mrs. Jackson created with the professional skill this audience has come to expect from her the character of *Judith Anderson*, whom we saw grow from a warm-hearted girl behaving correctly and kindly as a parson's wife should, into a woman of wisdom and understanding. Bill Maguire played *Parson Anderson* as a man of God and a man of action; he was hearty without being pompous and righteous without being priggish. Peter Wigston's *Dick Dudgeon* clearly hated sham and cruelty with equal violence; the inner gentleness beneath his swashbuckling and waspish exterior was revealed not only in his scenes with *Judith* but also by his warm solicitude for the boy *Davey*, played with conviction and a surprising poise by Bob Melville. *General Burgoyne* was given the dignity that "Gentleman Johnny" required by Jim Watson, who conveyed much of the irony and wry humour inherent in the part. Burton Kellock and Bill Purves-Smith managed convincing effects in their "character" roles of the not-quite-bright *Christy Dudgeon* and the somewhat dour and meticulous *Lawyer Hawkins*. John Luck played the proud and embittered *Mrs. Annie Dudgeon* with great effect: the problem of female impersonation was smoothly solved. Much colour and atmosphere were provided by several smaller roles; in no instance did a "bit part" lower the standard of performance—a high one for an amateur production—that was in general achieved.

A happy combination of imagination, colour sense, and practicability marked Denny Burton's sets. Their most notable component was perhaps



The Devil's Disciple

the backdrop in the final scene; the manner smacked of Dufy's, and the neat and colourful expanse of a New England village square was skilfully suggested.

Sensitive and impelling direction was evident throughout. The collaboration of Messrs. Meikle and Charles Beer was most successful: the small stage never seemed cluttered, grouping was coherent and balanced, and movement was meaningful. Voice control, to achieve variety and clarity, is the most difficult technical problem an amateur actor has to face, and the skill of the directors in this area was most apparent. Under-playing was partly their answer, and a fine sincerity and naturalness were achieved, with lapses into inaudibility or monotony kept to an unusually low minimum.

The variety of interest displayed by the Dramatic Club over the past three years is worth noting. We have seen farce in "Charley's Aunt"; an original adaptation in "The Ox-bow Incident"; and this latest return to the master-drama. A rich and ambitious tradition was enhanced by "The Devil's Disciple".

the glee club

"THE LAW IS THE TRUE EMBODIMENT of everything that's excellent" sings the roly-poly Chancellor in *Iolanthe*. This reviewer found the Pickering College production of *Iolanthe* to be the "true embodiment of everything that's excellent" in Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. There was, as there always is, a superb blend of music, action and nonsense.

The chorus was sprightly and well trained. These workers are integral parts of the whole joyous ritual. All have mastered the traditional "business" as if life for them admitted no other. From John Luck's condescending strut in the opening Peer chorus to Burt Kellock's angry "Strephon's a member of Parliament" a perfection of team work and spirit was achieved.



"Let me stay Strephon"

In the magic of all the "innocent merriment" the audience reveled in the delectable performances of the "leads". Moire Jackson's interpretation of the Faery Queen was rich and warm. Betty Beer gave beauty to a difficult role. Alice Rourke and Denny Burton were most agreeable lovers and the two Peers, Maguire and Fraser were properly haughty. Bill Atkin's Private Willis was a delight. But the amazing work was done by actor-director R. E. K. Rourke. The incredible dexterity of his caperings, the proficiency of his patter songs and his own high spirits make it impossible to believe that *Iolanthe* was to be his last show. Surely there will be one more farewell performance!

Fred Hagen, in charge of the stage, did it once again! Taking the criminally small space known as a stage Mr. Hagen was able to create the

wide outdoors with exciting depth. Fred's contributions to Pickering productions continue to be immeasurable.

The final touch of perfection was the audience. Young and old played their parts well. Many lips were busy forming the words the singers must sing. Were any of the principals to forget their lines, they would be prompted not by one man but by an outraged chorus. But this typical G&S audience knew they would have a good time, and proceeded to have it, scene by scene, song by song, dance by dance. Pleasure, sheer pleasure, was the evening's gift . . . a gift which the Pickering College Glee Club will offer again next year.

MY DOG

—*Duncan Byrd*

Of every pet I have ever had,
Be it frog, snake or white rat,
You can bet I won't forget Lad,
In front of the fire on his mat.

His cute little body was covered with black,
And he had four paws of snow-white,
I'd give a fortune to have him back,
To walk with me on this dark night.

my first spring

—GUSTAVO TAVERO M.

THIS IS THE FIRST SPRING that I am seeing in my life, because in my country there is never spring nor autumn.

I find the spring as something new and beautiful as a child who is born and begins to grow with a hope for life.

The spring brings to me the present of beauty with its different colours of flowers as tulips, roses, pansies, carnations and other kinds of flowers. From the trees push out the leaves, the grass grows again and each one of these plants impregnate the surrounding air with its own perfume.

This landscape is completed with the presence of the animals who play with happiness and sing hymns to the spring.

BANQUETS

NEW BOYS' NIGHT — two interpretations

“Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!”
“What’s funny? You get wet and cold
and I don’t see what’s funny.”

HALLOWE’EN

WHAT CAN *I* SAY about it? Lots to eat? A good time? Good costumes? Well, yes, all of those things, but what else? I didn’t see any goblins or ghosts. But then, that’s just as well. I’m never able to do full justice to food when I’m frightened. Are you?

CHRISTMAS

THIS WAS ONE TIME when everybody could be greedy without feeling too embarrassed. We all like to be greedy but we aren’t very often given a chance. The food was worth it.

Food wasn’t everything. There was Santa Claus for all those who still believe in fairy tales. He almost convinced me, I must say.

We went home after that.

FINAL

IM ALWAYS HAVING TO SAY that the food was excellent. But then, that’s not a bad thing to say. Mr. Lanier was a distinguished M.C., and the guest speaker was Mr. Frank Clair. He seems to know football thoroughly. He emphasized “You’ve got to block.”

DANCES

O.L.C.

ARE THEY COMING?
Who?
The girls from O.L.C.
They should be here now.
Listen—I think it’s their bus now.
Quick — go in and tell the others.

Wow! Look at them!

Some real cute looking wenches — that one over there's got class, eh? I'll see you around!

In case any of you readers are wondering—you are now being taken on a tour of Pickering College's annual O.L.C. (a sister school) dance. It's a nice friendly little get-together. Sh! Listen—the quartet is singing. The high one is Don MacMillan. Denny Burton, that hustler over the corner, is going to sing too. He sings like Billy Eckstine. Nice music the boys have arranged, don't you think? Time flies, doesn't it? The party is breaking up. Listen to the guys singing a serenade! My Avoline! There they go. What's that? Who's that sharp little guy walking down alone? That's me. Yeh — I'm a postman. I was just waiting for all the letters I knew would be written. Goodbye.

Football

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING the Modern Art (?) Section of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On your right you will see

But you're not really. All you see are the decorations for our football dance. Abstract, but good, don't you think? And look at the front of the room — there is a band. V - A - N de Van de Walker's.

Come on—let's not talk. Let's dance. Really dreamy music.

You hungry specially? Let's go down and get something to eat. It's good ice cream, isn't it? You through? We'll go upstairs again, then. Listen to that guy play! It's easy dancing with you. You're so smooth and soft and warm. Music makes me dreamy—so slow-like. Hey, hey, Bub! Break it up. Time to go out under stars in the sky. The trees catch up and pass by soft sounds. Goodbye — goodbye — goodbye.

Hard Times

IT'S EARLY YET, HONEY. Let's look around at the art exhibit! Quite a nice decoration for a dance, isn't it? What? Yes, he paints the sets for the Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta. Queer, isn't it?

Some looked at the pictures. Most don't. They are too busy thinking about and looking at someone else. They drift in a fog of melody, happy, unaware, until wakened, as they wake someone else, in bumping. Do they eat? They think so, and say—wasn't the food delicious? But can we be sure? No. This dance is out of time—out of place, wrapt up in you dear. Then all too soon it's back in time.

Lights and noises and voices move out down the driveway and four tall white men stand watching. See — one lone light burns on the front porch.

Two figures stand silhouetted—the one bent over the other. One comes away, smiling abstractedly. Watch!

“Hard times, eh Mac?”

“Huh — wha — what did you say?”

They Wore Long Dresses in Spring

FRANCE! GAIÉTÉ! MUSIC! NOISE! COLOUR! LAUGHTER! — and you, my darling. We swirled and danced under the shattered rainbow of the roof and around us others danced too. You wore a long blue dress, remember, and the flowers — those carnations — do you know, I never before knew that flowers had a smell. What band was it they had? Oh, yes, Jack Dales's and they were all in white dinner jackets. Remember the little short trumpeter? Didn't he blow cool?

And then the food! Ham, and I just love tossed salads. You were the best partner there because you were mine, and you could talk over a cup of coffee. Remember, you said, “Why can't all people make coffee like this?” And I agreed. Did you like our school paper? You know, the Quaker Cracker? There were some good parts, weren't there.

And then, when we went upstairs again, and the band played soft dreamy melodies and I wished the night would never end.

But it did, and for a while there were just you and me and then there was just me. Now I sit here dreaming and wondering if you do, too.

Goodnight, my queen.

THE FOG

—Ian Christie

This fog is like a blanket spread,
It settles down without a sound.

In it we can't see ahead;
We can see the tracks of a hound.

It settles fast all over town,
And now completely fills the street.
Quietly it has come down;
We hear the sound of people's feet.

And when this mist begins to lift,
We again can see visions clear.

And the clouds begin to shift,
And now the sun is moving near.

invitation clubs

rooters' club



STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Alger, Thomson, Vaucrossan, Smart, Race, Baker and Mavor*
KNEELING (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Armstrong, Williamson, Mr. Cornell, Barter, Mr. Renzius and Mr. Rourke*

THE ROOTERS FINISHED their 22nd season full of enthusiasm and scientific data. During the year, a wide range of topics was discussed. A talk by a telephone specialist, a study of the Tesla coil, a talk by Corky about W. C. Fields, an oral view of the sea's mysteries, and a speech by an attorney of the Kurt Myer trial, all found places in the program.

Among the most interesting features of the year's meetings was the trip to Duplate in Oshawa where we saw the complete processing of G.M. windshield glass.

In the winter term, we had a few excellent talks by members about their hobbies. Rudy showed us a couple of interesting movies on goldsmithing and

silversmithing. Don Race spoke on internal combustion engines, Don Baker on coin-collecting, Jim Smart on tropical fish, Bill Alger on printing and lithographing and Archie Williamson on model-railroading.

The quality of the catering has been of superior calibre with honorable mention to Mrs. Cornell's home-made pastry and voluptuous gratification to Rudy and Robert Edward Kincaid for their contribution of an extravagant, luxurious repast.

It would be unpardonable to forget the admirable work of Bill Alger as Suckertary. (He upheld the finest tradition of his office and will, no doubt, go down in the annals of the club as "Worthy Willy".)

polikon club



STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Mr. Beer, Wesley, Mathews, Burt, Bruce Dobson, Tavera, Fraser and Grant*

SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Mr. Snider, Burton, Moffatt, Stewart, Green, Kellock and Carruthers*

THE POLIKON CLUB has a three-fold purpose, to teach its members to think on their feet, to debate international affairs, and to provide a weekly meeting of good fellowship and camaraderie. Judged by these standards the

club of 1951-52 had a most successful year. The improvement in the art of public speaking on the part of most members was very gratifying, the level of debates on current affairs revealed several keen observers of the world situation, and our "light topic" evenings usually provided fine wit and bold humour.

According to our new constitution, the club was under the direction of two elected officers, the Speaker and the Clerk of the House, who held office for a term of six weeks. The Speakers this year were Barry Moffatt, Peter Green, and David Stewart; the Clerks, Denny Burton, Burton Kellock, and Bruce Carruthers.

Our closing banquet proved most interesting. Through the good offices of the honourable member from Moore Park we were fortunate enough to have Foster Hewitt as our guest speaker. He chatted informally about hockey and his personal experiences in radio and television, and we all thoroughly enjoyed our close-up view of Mr. Hockey.

Old Boy members who read these lines will be interested in learning that the club pins were finally purchased this year and featured a United Nations design in the crest. The United Nations flag which last year's club presented to the College adorned all our meetings and made its annual pilgrimage to the home of the honourable member from The Beaches for our final gathering.

camera club

THE CAMERA CLUB this year has been kept in good spirits by the interesting meetings it has had. Interest was created both by outside speakers adding new ideas to the members' knowledge of the art of photography, and by members themselves contributing information from their own study and experience. All this helped to improve the skill of the members in producing good pictures. A large proportion of dues was used to improve darkroom equipment.

thirty club



FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Odney, MacMillan, Mr. Meikle, Mr. Stewart, Luck and Allen*
OTHERS (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Mr. Henderson, Barron, Morrison, Purves-Smith, Paterson,
Doug Dobson, Ramsey, Atkin*

THE CLUB HAS REVISED ITSELF for the better. Instead of having four members prepare a debate, one or two take over the meeting. This has already been done by a few of the club members, Bill Purves-Smith, Doug Dobson, Don Stewart, Don MacMillan and John Allen. The club has had some very exciting talks: Don Stewart gave us a talk on the Navy when he was in it, during the second world war; Doug Dobson showed slide pictures of his trip out West. A talk was given by Bill Purves-Smith on Progressive Jazz. Don MacMillan and John Allen played the game of twenty questions.

During the past few weeks Don Stewart has been president and has been assisted by Wally Meikle and John Luck as secretary and treasurer. The other members are John Allen, Don MacMillan, Doug Dobson, Bob Morrison, Bill Purves-Smith, Bob Barron, Carl Odney, Ian Paterson, Don Ramsay, Bill Atkin, and last but not least, Dick Henderson.

princeps club



BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Sears, Harvey, Forster, King, Ruys*
FRONT (LEFT TO RIGHT) *Van Vleit, Cameron, Drew, McCusker*

THE PRINCEPS CLUB was originated in 1945 by a group of selected boys who wished to get together every week and debate on the current events, and things in the past. Their main object was to improve their speaking in front of people, and to give their opinions in a formal way.

This year we have had a few debates on the crisis in world events, and have had some speakers coming to talk to us about their favourite subjects. Our first speaker was Mr. Stewart who talked to us on the Canadian Department of External Affairs. Mr. Dick Henderson spoke to the club on the difference between Pickering and the other boarding schools that he has associated with. Mr. Renzius gave us a very interesting talk on the Nobel Prize. Special mention should be made of Mr. Drew and Mr. McCusker for winning two debates out of their three.

THE THING

—*Bill Purves-Smith*

Nose running, eyes streaming!
Hair awry, lips dry,
Me
Chased by —
Me.

athletics

football

“NEXT YEAR I WOULD LIKE TO URGE YOU ALL to block, block and block”. That was the advice offered to the school by Argo coach Frank Clair at the final banquet. This five letter word is becoming increasingly important to football success and, along with experience and “desire”, suggest not only a plan for the future but an explanation of the seasons put in by the Pickering football teams last fall.

The Senior team had a nucleus of five men around which Lou Lanier had to mould a team. Most of these men were back fielders and so a great deal of time had to be spent creating a front line which could stand up in Senior competition. The “going” was tough and it wasn’t until the end of the season that offensive blocking became accurate and crisp and tackling became deadly. This lack of experience meant a lack of technique in the fundamentals and so the team met little game success in the early part of the year. As the games were “tucked away”, however, we could see improvement and a promise, should the eligible players return, of success in the fall of ’52.

The one weakness of the team that might have been overcome was that intangible quality that Mr. Clair called “desire”. It was evident at times that the team, as a twelve man unit working towards the same goal, just wasn’t. At times there was more spirit than we’ve seen on a Senior team in years but, on other “outings”, there seemed to be nothing. May a casual observer urge the returning players to put some fire in next year’s team and come up with a consistent winner.

The Second team, coached by Barney Jackson, enjoyed the best season of any Pickering team in the past few years. Here the Clair plan was in evidence. Many experienced players returned. Blocking assignments were carried out with pride and accuracy. The linemen seemed to take great delight in pulling out, leading the backfielders, knocking down the opposition and making big gains possible. And along with the line’s desire was the desire of the backfielders to use the blocking before them. Bob King moved easily until he knew which way to cut. Dobbie delayed, waited for the key block then off he’d go. There was good harmony between the boys “up front” and the men in the rear.

SAC, Runnymede, Ridley and Newmarket High were some of the teams left in the wake of this year’s Juniors.

Members of the third team, coached by Al Snider, were just beginning their football experience. And a most valuable year it was because the natural abilities



Senior Football



Junior



Thirds

of boys like Brownlee, Christie, Wilson, Baxter, Downs and others, were developed and improved. Fundamentals were all important and it is hoped that these boys garnered enough football knowledge to make them valuable members of the 1952 Junior team.

The season, looked at from the vantage point of Spring, was very successful. The school won more games than were lost. The sportsmanship displayed was always good. Victory was accepted with rejoicing but without arrogance. Defeat was taken graciously. The only mar on this fine record was the occasional "let-up". It won't happen next year. We'll have experience, we'll block "like crazy" and we'll create the desire that produces winners.

basketball

THE SENIOR PREP TEAM STARTED OFF EARLY this year under the direction of Mr. Jackson so as to prepare for the early games before Christmas. By the looks of the afternoon practices the Senior Prep was a green team and some of the "kinks" had to come out. Our first game was with Newmarket High School and winning brought great confidence to the team. On Parents Day we played a better game with Oakwood. The score was closer and we showed much improvement. Time elapsed and the boys came back feeling that they had many games to look forward to. After a couple of weeks of training the boys played four straight games with Saint Andrew's College, University of Toronto Schools, Trinity College and Ridley College. A very small percentage of the games were won. The team, a little discouraged, did not give up trying for they improved their skill under the coaching and patience of Mr. Jackson.

The defense of the Senior Prep was steady, but it couldn't combine with the forwards on the offensive. Due to the sickness of some boys on the team the forward line was changed regularly and so there was not a constant forward line. The guards on the Senior Prep were Burt Kellock, Charles Vaucrossen, and Archie Williamson. The forwards were John Allen, Peter Harvey, Al David, Art Burt, Jim Smart, Purves-Smith, Joel Cameron.

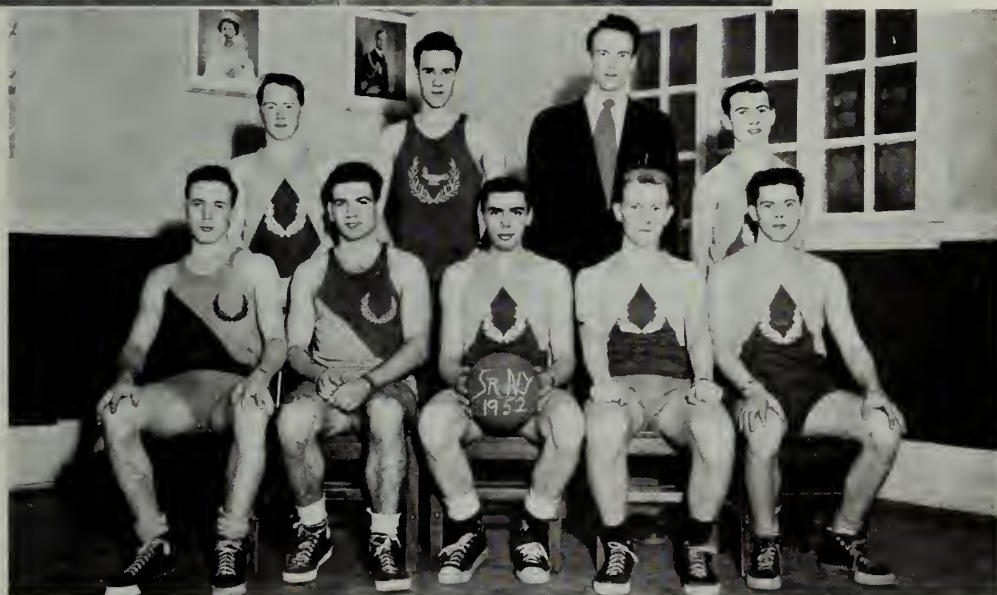
The Junior Prep team, if judged by the cold, harsh standard of wins and losses, had an unsuccessful season. There is a great deal of value in winning (it's fun) but there are also other values to be considered, and the realization of these made our year a good one.

The team started from almost nothing and attempted to master the fundamentals. Near the end of the year our shooting, our defensive skill, our play-making ability and our attitude improved considerably. Most of the team will be back next year and still eligible for Junior. We'll be tough to beat!

The inexperienced players of the school at the Senior level made up the



Senior Prep



Senior North York



Junior Prep

Senior North York crew. The team lost out to Richmond Hill, Aurora and Newmarket but weren't *push overs* and we had a lot of fun. We learned a great deal and we enjoyed ourselves. What more do you want?

In closing the Sport's Editor would like to note some observations and suggest some resolutions. Pickering has always enjoyed great success at Basketball. Our prowess goes back many years . . . a Dominion Championship . . . T. & D. Championship and many Prep School titles. The 1951-52 season was our most unfortunate but certainly not a disastrous one. We have many experienced players returning at all the levels. A great deal of spade work was done this year. I feel confident that next season will see the return of championship teams and urge all players to think about the team in positive terms. Don't throw away the season before it even starts. You'll have the "stuff" but you've got to want to use it.

hockey

THE FACT THAT WE HAD PRACTICALLY a "home grown" Senior team this year meant that we were able to get organized sooner than usual. Most of the players had played together at some time, they "knew" one another. It wasn't long before we had a team and one which lived up to its early promise.

Like most good teams it had its "shining hour" and that was the T.C.S. game. On unfamiliar ice, matching a team strong on depth, noted for skating stamina and hockey skill, Pickering really triumphed. Of course we had our darker hours too—when we missed wins by narrow margins. Faults and errors of play and very worthy opponents took their natural toll. But no coach could ask for more and this one hopes he is privileged to build another such team soon, with the same drive, the same valour, the same spirit.

The second team continued to make its curious contribution to hockey at Pickering. For three years the Seconds have had little success in the win column but great success in player development.

Players spending one year with the Seconds have had the opportunity to practise the skills of shooting, skating and play-making. The work is almost drudgery and the satisfaction of playing on a winning team seems to be reserved until called upon by the Seniors. Matthews, Atkin, Brown, Doug Dobson and Sutton will be joining such illustrious graduates as Drew, Stewart, Sears, King, MacMillan and Alger on the Seniors of '53.

"Primeau" McLaren had another successful third team. Brownlee, Jestin, Hitchcock, Downs, Forbes and McGillivray developed into a smooth-working, high-scoring combination. The blue team's success suggests that *Bene provisā principia pronanter* has been achieved.



Firsts



Seconds



Thirds

spring

IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS to what he's been thinking about all winter. This old adage may be true of most boys, but to Pickering boys thoughts in spring turn to lacrosse, softball, tennis, track and field.

Canada's original game, lacrosse, was played with its usual rugged gusto. Hands were slashed, heads were dented, shoulders were crushed, feet were mangled, vocabularies "improved", but through it all came the blue team as victors.

MacMillan's Maulers, Maguire's Mashers, Chase's Pills and Odney's Oddities made up the four-team baseball league. The season was never completed but the Mashers were undefeated and so to them goes the hand-tooled baseball bat. Highlights of the year include "Babe" Wigston's slugging, "Scooter" Grant's fielding and the noble work of Pete Green as Umpire-in-Chief.

At the north end of the school, the tennis enthusiasts battled with "foot-faults", "doubles", "Ace!", "love", "set point", "add in", "add out", "forehand" and "backhand". Barter, Frattini, Bruce Dobson, Brownlee and Hitchcock seemed to be the best—at least they played the most.

Out on the cinders, behind the craftshop, the track and field men enjoyed another fine season under the tutelage of Messrs. McLaren, Lanier and Blackstock. Bert Kellock continued his fine track work, setting new records in the Intermediate hurdles and 100 yard dash. His new record of 15-8/10" for Senior high hurdles will probably stand for many years. Bill Maguire broke the Senior shot put and discus throw. Jim Smart developed considerably and should break some records in '53. Bob King and Doug Thomson looked very good in the Intermediate group. Both boys broke records.

The team defeated Newmarket in a dual meet but placed third in the Upper Canada Relays which were held on our own track due to inclement city weather.

The final athletic fling of the Spring came in the form of cricket, inaugurated by Ian "Let's pull up Stumps" Paterson and Charles "Century" Vaucrosson. The whole thing was utterly utter and dash good! Which reminds me—it's time for tea.

staff notes

BIG NEWS OF THE YEAR is the departure of Barney Jackson. Barney will be spending the next two years at Oxford University doing graduate work. We shall miss his teaching, his coaching, his critical prowess, his chapel talks—but, most of all—we'll miss him. Good luck, and pip, pip!

As most of you know Mrs. Streeter underwent a serious operation towards

the end of the last term. Mrs. Streeter has been with the school a great many years and her contributions to Pickering have been many. As we go to press her condition remains fair and we hope that she'll be able to take her place behind her desk in the Main Hall office before too much time elapses.

The Headmaster is spending three weeks in Edmonton lecturing on "Methods of Teaching High School Mathematics" at the University of Alberta.

Harry Beer, winner of the French Government's Scholarship, will be attending McGill University to continue his graduate studies.

FDLS will be travelling. Wally is wandering in his own Okanagan Valley. Keith and Blackie will be Mazinawing. Henry will be at U.W.O. Al Snider will be prepping for Normal School. Al Jewell will be pasteurizing at the Lorneville Creamery. Rudy will be busy getting the school in shape for the fall. John will be changing diapers. Lou and Young Tom will be threshing in Lethbridge and Corky will be "resting" at his cottage on Lake Huron.

Editors would like to welcome Dick Lee and E. J. Connell to the Pickering Staff. They will be helping to pick up the responsibilities brought on by Barney's departure. Dick is an Old Boy and has a fine understanding of the school. Mr. Connell has had a wide experience in the teaching profession.

We are happy to report that Mrs. Olson has recovered rapidly from her operation of last June and will be with us come opening day.



Barney Jackson —

*Good luck
and Best Wishes*

preparatory department

C. R. BLACKSTOCK - *Director*

W. H. JACKMAN - *Housemaster*

JIM WATSON

A. H. JEWELL

BERNIE BARIL

RUDY RENZIUS - *crafts*

FRANK HOUSTON - *Music*

THE PREP HAS HAD ANOTHER BUSY YEAR with its bright spots and its dull ones. Adding to the colour of our life were members who came from such places as Timmins, Temiskaming, Windsor, Hawk Junction, Winnipeg, Chicago, Bermuda and Venezuela.

Sports held our attention throughout the year. The soccer team gave us several rousing games in the fall. The hockey team, under Al Snider's guidance, met our traditional rivals and compared very well. During the whole year, the intramural games were the source of a lot of fun. Because we were unable to arrange the usual dual track and field meets, the Prep had only our Sports Day at which to show their prowess.

The House Committee, headed by Dave Scatcherd for two terms and Brooke Sowden for one, did a good job. They found it hard to satisfy all members all the time. The weekend programmes were the most regular job they had and these they arranged quite well.



The Hallowe'en party and the Prep dinner were fancy affairs which they set up under Mr. Jewell's guidance.

Brooke Sowden —

Winner of the Rogers Cane

1951-52

Our Prep music, under Mr. Houston's direction, was much improved. The boys' choir had a chance to participate ably in the Dramatic Club show. The singing generally was improved and added interest and excitement to our affairs. Two trips to Eaton Hall farm were both happy occasions; the first in the fall to plant thousands of bulbs which we saw blooming this spring, the second with the rest of the school to hear the Ouchterlony choir. Grades seven and eight made the school camping trip in March to Limberlost Lodge. All the Prep went to the Forestry Station at Midhurst in May to see this original station with its many acres of trees and the animals and birds they have at the park.

Firth House is empty now except for Mr. Boyd who is busy removing some of the marks you left. By September it will be polished up and waiting for you to bring it to life again. We hope you will be back to the Prep or that place of advanced learning, Rogers House. Happy summertime to you all.

RAIN

—*Jim MacLean*

When cool days come out of the blue
And water descends in the form of rain,
It comes down with such a devil's force
That it seems to break the window-pane.

Then it makes the old red rooster
That perches on our weather-vane,
Go twisting round for all he's worth,
As if he'd like to fight the rain.

It makes me think of all the days
I went outside without the rain,
When all I did was roast and sweat
And look at the sun, and complain.

old boys' association

HARRY M. BEER
(*Honorary President*)

HUGH P. BUCHANAN
(*Honorary Vice-President*)

HARRY PEACE
President

Secretary—ALLAN ROGERS *Treasurer*—STUART R. HENRY

Committee Members

VICTOR WOOD - JOHN YOUNG - WILLIAM BUCK



Joe and Harry

AT THE ANNUAL OLD BOYS' MEETING in February the above listed members were elected to the Executive for the next year. The School and Old Boys' wish to thank retiring members Frank Peace and Murray Gill for their work in the past.

Our last Old Boys' Executive was the most active group we've ever had at the helm. Through their efforts many activities were undertaken. During the winter months a series of basketball games were played between the Senior Prep and the "old men". The elders were victorious. The first hockey-night in years was also held and, despite the fine efforts of Rayner, McTavish, Dempsey *et al*, the School teams won.

The climax of the year's work was a mammoth gathering at the School on the week-end of May 17th to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the school's reopening in 1927.

One hundred and seventy-five old boys with wives and sweethearts wandered the corridors, "shot the bull", looked out over the Pickering Panoramic view at the back of the school and re-acquainted themselves with old haunts and old friends.

Joe was present and "Reminiscenced" at the banquet. Also on hand were Widdy, Bob, Doctor Barton (with the school for the full 25 years), Brandie, Ric Veale, Mully, Mr. Russell and many others. We were sorry that Pop Perry, a strong force while at Pickering and as Old Boy Chief after the war, was unable to attend. Ashbury commitments made it impossible.

President Harry Peace, with great assistance from his committee, did a wonderful job of organizing the week-end. Registration began Saturday noon and as soon as an old boy was "signed-up" he was whisked off to Aurora for the golf tournament or out to the South field for a baseball game with the staff. Before and after the banquet there was a great deal of "fraternization" and towards the end of the evening there was dancing in the Assembly Hall. The Executive had also arranged for the presentation of many prizes which included; a coffee table, glassware, hockey tickets, newspaper subscriptions, books and skipping ropes for the kids . . . and many, many more.

Thanks to Kay C. Woods we now have an Old Boy's Golf trophy. The first winner was Slammin' Sandy McTavish.

All told it was a wonderful week-end . . . a fitting end to a splendid Old Boys' year.

In closing the Editor would once again like to thank the old boys for the Memorial Field. Those of you who saw it this year realize what a beautiful addition it is to our ground as well as being of great educational value throughout the year.

DE BEEG PORTAGE

(With apologies to W. H. Drummond)

—*R. J. Fraser*

All day we paddle de freight canoe,
We eat some smoke' pork an' a leetle rum too
So we vary hongry wan we get to
De beeg portage.

We land the canoe 'bout a hun' red yard
From the great white water, she's runnin' hard;
De splendor of nature, dat men ain't marred,
Dat's de beeg portage.

To-morrow—hard work, so we bed down for de night:
We get de good sleep, if de bugs don' bite:
We get up an' go at sun's firs' light
Over de beeg portage.

Come day, we shoulder de beeg canoe
Up on our backs wid all de packs too;
We'll be ver' tire' wan we get t'rough,
Crossin' de beeg portage.

We reach de top and begin to start down
De boss look at us an' give de beeg frown;
He say one *faux pas* an' we all will drown
An' nevair cross de beeg portage.

As we reach de bottom we feel much bettar;
De water run high but we all say "Let 'er";
If deat' was up there we nevair met 'er
As we crossed de beeg portage.

Loadin' de canoe she's plen'y hard work
But we don' min' it an nobody shirk;
We all know well behind us deat' lurk
But we crossed de beeg portage.

With much *joie* we push off from de shore;
We all sing de song call' "Le bon voyageur";
De rhyt'm she help us paddle much more
When we'd cross' de beeg portage.



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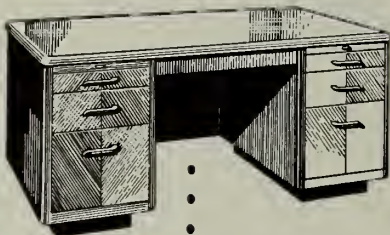
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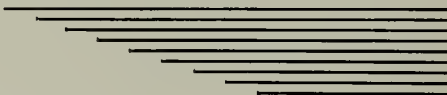
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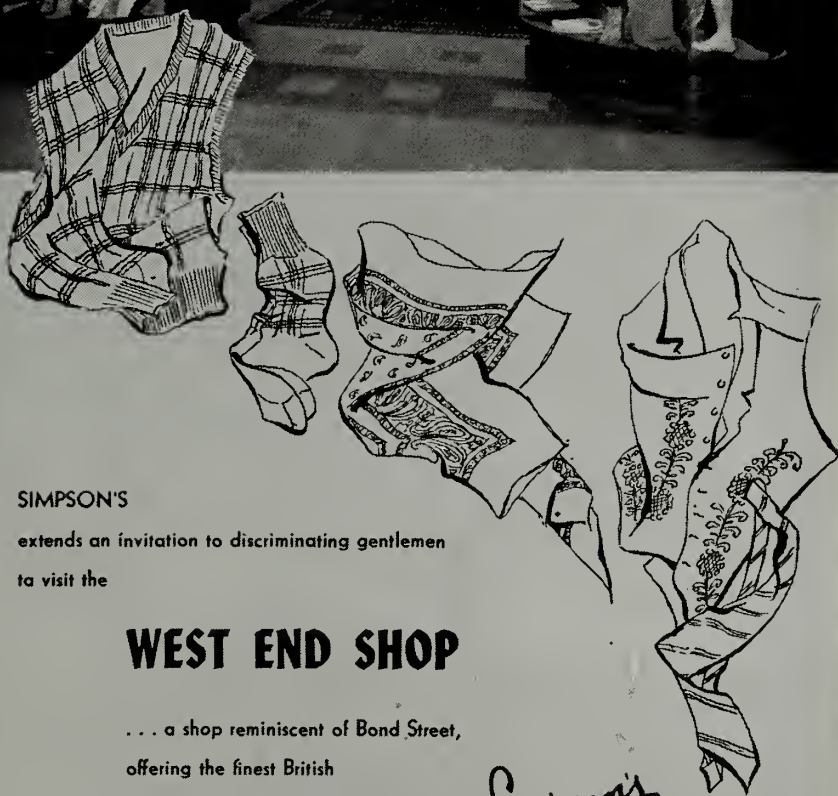
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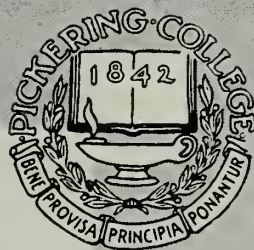
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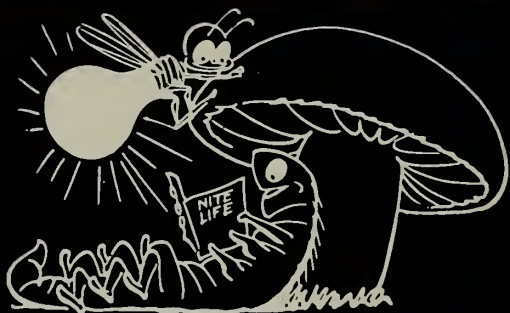


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